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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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AUGUST, 1821.  
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*MRS. ELIZABETH CARTER.*

**I**N justice to female talent and intrinsic worth of character, we present our readers this month with a correct likeness of a lady, eminent both for literary endowments and individual merit.

Elizabeth Carter was born at Deal, in Kent, on the 16th of December, 1717; and very early seemed determined to devote herself to study, and to leading a single life. When she was about ten years of age, she had the misfortune to lose her mother, who died of a decline. Her father was the Rev. Nicolas Carter, D. D. rector of Woodchurch and of Ham, in Kent.

The infancy and early youth of Mrs. Carter did not appear to give any promise of those attainments she afterwards acquired; for nature seemed to forbid her eager desire of becoming a scholar, and she learned the rudiments of knowledge with extreme pain and difficulty. This laid the foundation for those severe headaches, from which she could scarcely ever be said to be entirely free, and which brought on her the habit of taking snuff. Her thirst after knowledge was, however, at length crowned with success; but she never neglected feminine accomplishments. It is a pity that females cannot oftener unite erudition with the elegancies of life, and the practice of that domestic qualification which is

entitled good housewifery. Mrs. Carter was one of those rare exceptions to a rule which is become almost general. She spoke the French language as fluently as her own, was an excellent needlewoman, and played on the spinnet, an instrument in her youth fashionable; but her skill on the *German-flute* we cannot regard as an excellence in a female. Early in life, she cultivated her taste for poetry, and in the year 1738, before she was twenty-one, she published a small collection of poems.

Her progress in learning caused her to be much noticed by the first families in Kent, among whom was the Hon. Mrs. Rooke, daughter-in-law to Admiral Sir George Rooke. Miss Carter passed a winter with this lady at her house in London, where she was introduced to many persons of distinction.

She studied the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, but was particularly partial to the former. Dr. Johnson used to say, he thought he understood Greek better than any one, except it was Mrs. Carter. Very late in life she began to learn the Portuguese language; and last of all, she taught herself Arabic, and could read it with the assistance of a dictionary.

But among these various studies, there was one she never neglected; which was that of religion. Her acquaintance with the Bible was as complete as her belief in it was sincere, and she never failed to read it every day. Her piety was never varying, and though fervent, it was not enthusiastic. She had an aversion to all controversial divinity; and she advised her friends never to read books adverse to the Scriptures as they might strike the mind and unsettle the faith. Her piety began early, and continued to the close of her life; when young, she gave the portrait in herself of the true Christian; for she was not only lively, but gay; while her cheerful and innocent playfulness of mind never forsook her to the last. It was said by those who had known her long, that, when a girl, she was a perfect romp, and that dancing was her favorite amusement; while she would, at times, perform in private theatricals.

She was a very early riser; and in her advanced age, always up between six and seven o'clock. With her numerous accomplishments, aided by some share of beauty, it is not

surprising that Miss Carter should have received several offers of marriage; some of which were very advantageous. Her father wished her to marry, but she preferred a single life. Nevertheless, there was a gentleman on whom she was willing to bestow her heart and hand; but discovering in him a licentious turn of mind, she civilly rejected his suit, and to this disappointment may be attributed, in a great measure, her resolution to remain unmarried; for it is not likely that such a mind would love lightly, or easily transfer the affections she had once bestowed.

Mrs. Carter's figure was not good, but her complexion was fair, and her countenance expressive, with beautiful hair, curling naturally, and soft as silk.

As years wore away, the hand of death deprived Mrs. Carter of many of her old friends; but new ones, in a degree, supplied their place. Those who were younger than herself, while they revered her as a parent, loved her as a sister. Their friendship accompanied her to the tomb, and softened the langor of declining strength by the most delicate and kind attentions. Her own sun, however, was now fast setting, but without a cloud; she was blest with valuable friends and an easy income, both acquired by her own merit, and she was thankful for the mercies she enjoyed.

About nine years before her decease, she was seized with erisipelas, and thinking herself in a dangerous state, she began to prepare for the awful change. Though her strength failed, her spirits never flagged. It pleased God, however, to restore her; but her recovery was slow and incomplete, though her health became tolerably good, and she was able, in a great measure, to enjoy again the society of her friends. About four years after, her constitution was entirely broken up; and she was subject to frequent and alarming faintings: she would sleep, or rather dose, for several hours in the day, and for the last year or two seldom sat up later than eight o'clock. During the whole summer of 1805, she was in a very low and declining state, evidently growing weaker, and falling away, though her appetite was tolerably good. As the time drew near, when she usually took her annual journey to Clarges-street, she appeared to gain strength. On the 16th of December, her birth-day, she was able to dine with her nephew, which was the last time she went out in Deal.

Before she was about to set off for London, she desired to have her will read to her; and gave directions concerning her funeral, and the money to be expended on it, which she begged might be as moderate as decency would permit. On the 23d of December, she left Deal for the last time, and on the following day arrived in Clarges-street. In the middle of January, 1806, she was entirely confined to her own apartments, and in a few days afterwards to her bed. Her senses remained till within a few hours of her decease; but she was so weak that she could scarcely speak; and she expired without a groan or a struggle about three o'clock in the morning of the 19th of February, 1806.

To sum up the character of this admirable woman, we may say, that, with all her great attainments, piety was ever her leading principle. She admired and warmly felt the beauties of works of genius and fancy, but in her estimation, the "one thing needful," her duty to God and man, superseded all the rest. She was sparing to herself, but bountiful to others. Her dress was always plain and neat, but delicately clean, cold water was her only cosmetic, and a little lavender-water, her only perfume.

In the prime of her life, and in the full vigour of all her faculties, she travelled on the continent, where, on such a mind as her's, the monuments of art and genius made a deep and lasting impression, and in her letters to her friends this has been amply delineated.

It was after the publication of her *Epictetus* that Mrs. Carter became easy in her circumstances, and no longer dependant on her father, though she still resided with him whenever he was at Deal; from this time, she was enabled to live several months in London every year, and always in the same lodgings. Her visits to Lambeth Palace were very frequent, and she was indeed almost a constant inmate with the family of Archbishop Secker, till the death of that excellent prelate, in whom she lost a sincere friend.

We cannot close this memoir better than by citing the eulogium on Mrs. Carter by one of her relatives, who knew her well, and who fulfilled the pious office of closing her eyes, that "in judgment she was excelled by few; in goodness of heart, warmth of affection to her family and friends, and piety, constant and unfeigned, perhaps, by none."



## MARRIAGE;

## A TALE.

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"So speeds away  
Life, and its shadows."

BOWLES.

IN an instant, Sir William, almost as pale and as agitated as her whom he was approaching, was in the room. He had been considering within himself in what manner he should address her; but Lady Isabella summoned him to the interview before he had been able to come to any determination. Reflection, however, was unnecessary; for no sooner was his step heard, than, with an extraordinary effort of strength, Lady Desmond started from the sofa, and precipitated herself at his feet. "Desmond!" she cried, in a tone of which no description can convey an adequate idea, "forgive me! oh! save me from despair!" The manner, the voice, were more than he was able to withstand. "Not so, Georgiana, not so," he rapidly articulated; "here, here is your place;" and raising her up, he clasped her to her bosom. "Now, gracious Heaven!" he continued, "end our sufferings, and receive us both." Lost in the agitation of his own feelings, he was at first unaware that the being he so convulsively strained to his heart was insensible to his caresses, but perceiving her situation, he, in the utmost alarm, disengaged himself from her, and extended her on the sofa. The shock had been too much for her exhausted frame, and she lay for a considerable time in a deathlike swoon. Sir William hung over her with distracted fondness, addressing her with every endearing epithet that his tenderness suggested, while as he marked the attenuation of her once matchless form, and the frightful ravages that disease had made on her whole appearance, unable to express the anguish that wrung his heart, he wept in agony. For some minutes the usual restoratives were applied in vain, and he began to fear the vital spark was flown for ever. At length, slowly lifting her eyes, she regarded Lady Isabella with a fixed look, but seemed to be insensible of what had recently passed; having re-

flected, however, a few moments, she said, "Isabella! something has strangely confused me. Have I, or have I not, seen Desmond? I thought he had received for once his penitent to his bosom. Oh! was it then," she added, in a voice of unutterable anguish, "was it, as it has often been before, only a dream?" "For once, and for ever!" exclaimed Sir William, coming forward, for on her return to sense he had retired a few paces behind the sofa, and sinking on his knees beside her, he encircled her in his arms. He could add no more, but mingling his tears with her's, they both remained for some minutes in the indulgence of their mutual sorrow.

When Lady Desmond was again able to speak, she renewed, in the most pathetic terms, her prayers for his forgiveness, which Sir William, in the tenderest manner, assured her of, at the same time entreating her to mention a subject so distressing to each no more. "But you must leave me?" fearfully asked her ladyship. "Never!" returned Sir William; "if my presence is any consolation to you, I will not leave you till——" The unfinished sentence died on his lips, and he passed his hands over his eyes to conceal the emotion that suffused them. "Till," she replied, with an angelic smile, and raising, for the first time, her eyes to his, which, attracted by her voice, were again fixed upon her emaciated, but lovely countenance, "till the scene of my guilt and misery is past, and, purified from earthly stains, my spirit may seek a happier region, and wait the restoration of my Desmond." "Oh! Georgiana!" he exclaimed, "I thought my regret admitted not of any augmentation, and that I had subdued the bitterness of resentment against the destroyer of us both; but I have deceived myself. Every word you utter affords me fresh cause to mourn the loss I have sustained, and indignation again swells my bosom with renewed violence against him who could rob me of such a treasure." "Suppress your emotion," cried Lady Desmond, "I deserve them not. I believe, indeed, I was not deliberately base, but, alas! my heart harbored passions which my vanity and want of principle rendered vulnerable to the first temptation, and, as such, I was never truly worthy of your affection. You loved me for that I was not; you now, perhaps, esteem me for that

which penitence, and a thorough knowledge of myself alone have made me." "Say not so," interrupted Sir William; few women could possess greater virtues than you ever did." "But great virtues, my Desmond," meekly returned her ladyship, "are no equivalent for great vices, nor can even a life of remorse like mine, cancel a crime whose nature is so abhorrent, and so little excusable. My sufferings have been, indeed, severe, but they have been merited; and when I reflect on what I might have been, I bless the power that left me not to wander in the paths of triumphant vice. Look not, therefore on the past, nor distress yourself with useless comparisons; but when I am no more, remember, that every feeling of present comfort, and every ray of future hope, that ever assuaged my distress, was owing to your own merciful consideration, and let the thought restore that peace to your bosom to which it has so long been a stranger." Sir William attempted no reply, but taking his station by her side, he endeavored by every little art to divert her attention from herself, and to soothe the recent agitation she had endured.

The tender assiduities of Sir William, with the comparative happiness she now enjoyed, joined to the favorable state of the weather, seemed to arrest the progress of death, and she lingered till the beginning of May. The season was remarkably beautiful, and resting in her favorite situation near the window, with her hand clasped in Sir William's, she was watching the rays of the departing sun gilding the young leaves of the trees, as it was sinking behind the horizon. "How lovely is this sight!" she exclaimed. "Desmond, will you not agree with me, that the sun at his setting is more beautiful than at his rising?" Sir William returned the pressure of her hand, but remained silent, for he saw an allusion which could not fail to distress him. "For my own part," she continued, "I have beheld his first appearance with admiration, but his departure with fondness. Hope ushers in the dawn, and dazzling, in his splendour, he mounts the morning sky; all hail his glad approach, and offer incense to his rays. Clouds, however, dim his meridian glory, and with desponding eye we watch his watery beams; but evening comes, his weary course is run, and sweeter in his smiles, and glowing with his own reflected beams, he sinks to rest; and rises brighter



to another clime!" Lady Isabella glanced a look of powerful meaning to Sir William, who turned with glistening eyes to the gentle sufferer; but he involuntarily started upon perceiving a slight convulsive motion pass over her mouth. Understanding at once his look, "Is then my hour arrived?" she cried; "Isabella! Desmond! do not regret it, nor mourn for me as beings without hope." They both knelt beside her, and taking a hand of each, she pressed them fondly to her bosom, while she faintly continued, "I die happy; yes, my husband! for so once more I now address you, death is my best friend. If I had lived, I could not have been your's; but now your tenderness supports me, and makes my closing hour more blessed than the longest life could have done. Ah! Desmond, vice may have its charms, but they are fleeting; virtue may have its sufferings, but they are light when balanced in the scale of eternal reward, and one moment like this, repays a load of sorrow." Her respiration now became more difficult, and a second convulsive spasm slightly agitated her frame. "Lay me on your bosom," she still more faintly articulated; her wishes were instantly obeyed; she looked up with a smile of delight—it was her last effort,—and Sir William caught the gentle sigh that ended a life, which but for the indulgence of one criminal passion might have been replete with happiness to herself, and inestimable to him who now remained a heart-broken mourner over all that had rendered his own existence desirable.

We must, however, draw a veil upon the distress of Sir William, which though too poignant to admit of human consolation, was unembittered by any feeling of self-reproach, and therefore more tolerable than that which now tore the breast of the weak and guilty De Courcy. The letter which he held in his hand awoke, as it deserved, the bitterness of remorse, and he was obliged to attempt a second perusal before he was thoroughly acquainted with its contents. "When these lines," said the once lovely writer, "shall reach your eye, the hand that traced them will moulder in the tomb. Yes, De Courcy! I now address you from the brink of that grave to which sorrow and unceasing contrition have consigned me. Yet think not in thus addressing you, I seek to revive an image in your mind which ought never to have found a place there, or to reproach



you for that ruin, which the secret voice of conscience bids me ascribe to myself. Far different are my motives. That I loved you, forms no excuse for my crime; that your remembrance has not ceased to agitate me, is, I trust, no augmentation of it. Still sensibly interested, therefore, in that which most nearly affects you—your future peace, and knowing too well the share I have had in seducing you from the path of honor, I am resolved to dedicate these few moments of strength in endeavoring to arouse in you those feelings which have long actuated myself. To my former guilty infatuation, I look back, indeed, with scarcely less remorse than amazement; health, society, and employment insensibly allay the keenest pangs, and by presenting distracted or confused images, induce us to palliate offences, and to forget their enormity; but in solitude, sickness and attendant inertion, the mind is thrown back upon itself, the glare of artificial circumstances is destroyed, and every object is beheld as it really is. I do not suspect that you are a stranger to remorse, but not till the approach of that hour which now draws on apace with me, will you truly feel the misery of sin, or the severity of its sting. Temptation may again assail you, and every former sensation of regret be forgotten in the pursuit of a new gratification. Listen then to me, De Courcy, and remember these are the words of one who cannot now mislead you. Divine retribution is no fable, nor can a life of enjoyment counterbalance one moment of fear that attends its conviction. Fly then from the wiles of passion and the entanglements of vice! oh! spare yourself the pang whose bitterness is yet unknown,—oh! spare another such sufferings as mine! Degraded in the estimation of my fellow-beings, and lost to my own, both hours and seasons to me are alike. Cut off from every joy that is dear to the female heart, I can look back on the past only to encrease the misery of the present—forlorn and unconnected, no duteous hand smooths my uneasy pillow, no faithful bosom supports my weary head—nor child nor husband live for me! Unblessed I sink to rest, unnoticed I awake; silence, the same sad silence, remains for ever unbroken! In life, I am unvalued; in death, I shall be unregretted; compassion may draw a veil over my guilt, but respect will not hallow my memory. Think then on me,

when every other consideration fails; think that from the tomb the wretched Georgiana calls—'Return, De Courcy, to your duty; return to the blessings of a virtuous wife, and let no second victim learn through you the agonies of a discarded one.' He could proceed no farther. "Dost thou indeed call upon me?" he cried; "Georgiana! thou murdered one! shall I refuse to obey thee? Oh! no, thou yet shalt save me from destruction." In the agitation of the moment, he started up, and hastily opened the door, when a loud laugh from the apartment in which Jaqueline and her companions were assembled, assailed his ears; this at once restored him to recollection; he shuddered, and anxious to escape from the sound, he as precipitately closed it. "Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, "there is no retreat. I cannot add crime to crime, and desert her thus; but stay with her, I cannot." It was now late, and shortly after, having heard all the company depart, he entered the room, just as Jaqueline was about to retire. She made an involuntary motion of surprise at his sudden appearance, but immediately exclaimed, in a tone of scorn and irony, "Is it possible! are you, indeed, arrived at last?—this is truly gallant. There was a time, however, when De Courcy could not have left his—bewitching Jaqueline an hour; but I am glad you can find amusement so much more suited to your taste." "Jaqueline," returned De Courcy, "I am in no humor to desire dispute or recrimination; my amusement few, I believe, would wish to share, for my own wretched thoughts alone supply it; but," added he, hesitatingly, "allow me some moments' conversation with you." She appeared surprised; but immediately placed her candle on the table; finding he delayed to speak, she exclaimed, "I wait your commands; you seem to have forgotten your own request!" "Jaqueline," said he, in an under and agitated tone of voice, turning from her, "this miserable connection must not continue." "The sooner it ceases, the better," cried Jaqueline, haughtily. "De Courcy is no longer the being he was, and Jaqueline neither requires spirit to resent his coolness, nor charms to secure a worthier lover. A separation is not more desired by you than by me; for be assured, sir, I shall have no want of a protector." De Courcy, regarded her with a look of mingled horror and asto-

nishment; the color faded from his lip, his whole frame shook, and casting his eyes in speechless agony towards Heaven, he remained fixed to the spot. Misinterpreting the cause of his agitation, she exclaimed, with a forced laugh, "Doubtless, De Courcy thought no one had discernment but himself, or that he threw a worthless prize away; but all have not apathetical feelings, and La Tourville is not less his equal in those attractions which first won my regard, than his superior in rank." "And have I this to answer for?" cried De Courcy, in such an accent of heartfelt woe, that she paused; "then there is no hope—the cup of iniquity was already full, and this has made it overflow. Oh! wretched, wretched girl! how soon an adept in guilt!" His evidently unfeigned distress struck to the heart of his indignant auditor, and her varying color betrayed how much she was affected; a deep blush overspread her countenance, and concealing her face, she said, in a low voice, "De Courcy, I am not entirely lost to feeling, or I would not make this confession. Of this offence you are innocent. I am not St. Aube's sister, nor has he any claims upon me, but such as inclination gave him." "Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated he, "I thank thee! base then as I am, another's destruction is not added to my guilt." He hid his face in his hands, while Jaqueline continued, "St. Aube was a professed gambler, and fled to N—, to escape the vengeance of a family, for being the cause of the ruin, and afterwards the death, of one of its members. You were personally known to him, from having seen you in similar society in London, and he resolved upon getting you into his power. I own, De Courcy, I admired you as much as I detested St. Aube, from whom I had long wished to escape, for his love was at all times mercenary; but he is as revengeful, as he is mean and base, and I feared his vengeance." "Jaqueline," said De Courcy, when she had concluded "in turn for the relief you have afforded me, suffer me at least to be your friend—allow me to restore you to your connexions—return to the paths of virtue, and give me the satisfaction of knowing, that I have made the best reparation in my power for the guilty share I still have had in your misconduct." "That cannot be," cried she, hastily, "I neither have, nor wish to have, connexion nor friend; my determination has

been made up some time, and I shall act accordingly." It was in vain that he used every argument to persuade her to agree to his proposal, and finding her obstinately bent upon following her own plans, he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the point. He, therefore, made what few arrangements were necessary for his journey, and with the first dawn of morning left Paris.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### DETACHED THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

*(Concluded from page 25.)*

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IN choosing a partner for life, we should best consult our happiness by making the heart the first consideration, mind the second, and person or fortune the last.

Our passions, our feelings, and even our thoughts, are much more in our power than most people are willing to allow.

There are not many tasks more ungratifying than to be compelled to inflict a disagreeable surprise.

It is said, that all fools are obstinate, but all obstinate persons are not fools.

It is more frequently found, that a good father has bad children, than that a wicked man is the parent of a virtuous offspring.

The utter helplessness of sickness is more intolerable to an independent spirit than the endurance of actual pain.

It is better to set a bad dinner before a gross appetite than to carry a bad appetite to a good dinner.

A lady, who declared that she wished for wealth in preference to wit or beauty, being reproved for the sordidness of her disposition, vindicated her choice by replying, "The two latter could only obtain me admirers, whereas with the former I might purchase a friend."

A. R. A



**MARIAN MELFORT;**

A TALE FOR SPINSTERS.

TO LADY EMMELINE HOWARD.

MADAM,

IMPRESSED with the most grateful sense of your kindness, I venture to solicit one more favor to those for which I am already your debtor; favors, which, though unfortunately for me, withheld by untoward circumstances till too late to answer the benevolent purpose of your heart in its full extent, may, nevertheless, prove most essentially serviceable to those whose well-doing is far dearer to me than my own. It is for their advantage that I have imposed on myself the painful task of recapitulating sorrows and vicissitudes which have really fallen to the lot of one individual, and should my sad example prove a salutary warning to their inexperienced youth, I shall have less cause to regret that it is the only legacy I have to bequeath them. To you, madam, I consign the eventful history of my life, conjuring you, by the friendship of our early years, to place it in the hands of my daughters, as soon as you find their understandings sufficiently matured to read it with profit to themselves, and with feelings of tender commiseration for a parent who erred without criminality, and who suffered without murmuring.

M. M.

**MEMOIR\*.**

I hope and trust it will be admitted as some palliation of my juvenile indiscretions, that I never had the benefit of maternal care or advice, my mother dying before I had attained my seventh year, when I was left under the protection of a father, fond and indulgent, indeed, but still in the prime of life, and enjoying, with zest, all the gaieties which affluence could command, and possessed of sufficient

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\* It may not be unnecessary to state that Marian Melfort is no fictitious heroine; her interesting narrative is founded on facts, and with very little variation, such as are here detailed.

personal attractions to be welcomed in every female circle with encouraging smiles. Whether it was owing to his respect for the memory of my mother, or in consequence of the circumspection which his mature years justified, I cannot pretend to say, but he certainly expressed no intention of making a second choice, and as propriety would not admit of his taking a governess into the house to superintend my education, I was, much against his inclination, placed in a seminary, of which he had heard from his fashionable friends a most favorable account, where, by his orders, I was instructed in every accomplishment now considered so indispensibly necessary for females to acquire, whatever may be their rank or prospects in society. The establishment of Mrs. B. consisted of fifteen young ladies, and was conducted on the most expensive plan; and as the regulation of my dress was left entirely to her, you cannot wonder that the daughter of a merchant made an appearance equal to yourself, and at your inexperienced age, gave me a degree of consequence in your eyes which laid the foundation of a friendship, which, I trust, acquired strength by a more intimate knowledge of a disposition enthusiastically attached by condescending kindness, and capable of admitting, without envy, the claims of superior excellence, even in those branches of education which I was myself most emulous of attaining to perfection.

It was, however, of great advantage to me to be singled out by you as your partner in the dance, or to play a second with you in a duet, as it made me more assiduous, and caused me to attain a degree of perfection in those accomplishments, which I might otherwise have been too indolent to have acquired. My father, who visited me frequently, was lavish of his praises and presents, and I may now look back upon the five years I passed at Mrs. B.'s as the happiest period of my life, though I then considered it as merely a preparation for future enjoyment, when emancipated from the restraints of school and the labor of mental exertion; so little do we know of our future destiny, and so frequently do we mar our own felicity by being permitted to follow the dictates of our own inclinations. Among the few amusing talents I possessed, I need not remind you of that which has since been to me a source of equal pride and humili-

ation. In all our theatrical exhibitions, I was allowed to take a prominent character, a distinction which I have since had but too much occasion to lament, as it fostered that vanity which led me to neglect the acquisition of attainments more essentially useful in domestic life. Feeling as I at present do, I cannot sufficiently deprecate the practice now too general in fashionable schools of encouraging dramatic representations, or the silly pride of parents, who take pleasure in seeing their children thus encouraged to make themselves conspicuous, whose abilities, if tolerable, are usually overrated, and whose attempts, if below mediocrity, expose them only to ridicule.

One day, soon after I had attained my thirteenth year, my father who had of late visited me less frequently, was announced; I hastened to the parlor to embrace him, and was greatly surprised at finding him accompanied by a lady to whom I was a total stranger. He pressed me tenderly in his arms for a moment, then taking me by the hand, led me towards the unknown visitor. "Marian," said he, "pay your respects to this lady, whom I now introduce to you as Mrs. Crawford; I did not think proper to apprize you of my marriage, lest you should suffer yourself to imbibe the too-common prejudice against a mother-in-law. I am persuaded that from her you will experience maternal affection, and, I trust, on your side, to perceive that regard for your father will induce you to behave towards her with the duty of an obedient and attached daughter. It is my intention that you shall spend the ensuing vacation at home, that you may become better acquainted with each other." Though taken thus by surprise, I had sufficient presence of mind to salute my new mother with a cordiality which convinced my father, that I was wholly unprejudiced, and while he entered into conversation with my governess, I had leisure to take a scrutinizing survey of Mrs. Crawford. Her figure was elegant, and her dress, though not shewy, set off her person to advantage, and was evidently studied; her countenance had a cast of seriousness rather premature, as she did not appear more than four or five and thirty years of age. To beauty she certainly had no pretensions, yet a good set of teeth, expressive dark eyes, and a peculiar de-



gree of animation when she spoke, rendered her interesting even to a casual observer.

"You are amazingly grown since I saw you last, Marian," said my father, regarding me with evident satisfaction. "Is she not a fine girl, my dear?" he continued, addressing his wife. She gave him a glance which I could not misunderstand, and replied, "If Miss Crawford's mind is as well formed as her person, you will have reason to felicitate yourself." "Oh! I can assure you, madam," observed Mrs. B. "we consider Miss Crawford a very promising pupil; she is very assiduous, and has made considerable progress in her studies. She plays incomparably well on the piano and harp, though she has only learnt the latter during the last three months; she dances admirably, and her recitations will quite astonish you, when you are inclined to hear her; she is tolerably proficient in drawing, and has made considerable progress in French and Italian." "Is that all?" enquired Mrs. Crawford, with a look which I then did *not* understand, neither, I believe, did my governess, for she replied in a tone of unconcealed surprise and pique, "*All*, madam! indeed, I should think I have enumerated no contemptible number of attainments. I had not any instructions from Mr. Crawford to add more." "The accomplishments you have mentioned, ma'am, are undoubtedly pleasing auxiliaries when they accompany a well-informed mind and properly-regulated temper, and, I trust, her moral and religious duties have been as successfully attended to." Mrs. B. colored, and, I believe, I looked rather silly, as it now occurred to me for the first time, that my education had been wholly superficial, dress and exhibition being the principal objects of pursuit and study in our establishment. My father perceiving that Mrs. B. was rather disconcerted, said, hastily, "You will have time enough to enquire into all those things at home, my dear: Mrs. B. is perhaps not accustomed to these sort of interrogatories; few parents now trouble themselves about any thing beyond the usual routine of accomplishments, lest they should be considered old fashioned or methodists." This was certainly a home stroke at Mrs. Crawford, but she appeared to take it with perfect good humour, and merely replied, "True!



I was rather unseasonable in my enquiry; perhaps, Marian will be afraid of finding me a formal, starched moralist, who can see no charm in youthful graces and elegant accomplishments; but I can assure her, it is not so, for 'I still love a tune, though unable to dance,' as the old song says." This sprightly sally gave me fresh confidence, for I had indeed begun to fear that I should find a rigid monitress in my new parent, which apprehension was encouraged by the encreasing coolness which my governess evinced when addressed by her. They made but a short visit, and I flew to you to impart the news, and communicate without reserve the crowd of hopes and fears which agitated my mind, and for several ensuing nights robbed me of rest, and threw a depressing damp upon my hitherto buoyant spirits.

*(To be continued.)*

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## DIRECTIONS

FOR WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON.

(ADDRESSED TO THE BOND-STREET PEDESTRIANS.)

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ALWAYS walk as if there were no person in the street beside yourself. Bounce along fearlessly, and knock your head or your shoulders against every thing you meet.

Turn the corner of a street in a violent hurry, for then you have a chance to dash yourself against a chimney-sweeper, or a baker; or else, if such should not be in the way, you may chance to jostle some old lady, or push some one rudely in the breast. If you like, you can shew your graceful ease and politeness in making an apology; but it will look more like a man of high fashion to pass insolently on, as if nothing had happened, even if the old lady should be lying in the kennel.

If three or four of you are walking together, be sure to walk arm in arm; by which means you make a great many people go off the pavement, in order to make way for you; and if they are dirtied by a coach or cart passing, you

may indulge your risible propensities by a copious exertion. A horse laugh clears the lungs, and promotes perspiration. Wear your cane horizontally under your arm, particularly if the end of it is dirty; for thereby, you may either endanger the eyes of those behind you, or certainly dirty the clothes of some person who may pass you obliquely.

If you meet with three or four acquaintances, whom you wish to speak to *en passant*, form yourselves into a circle, so that there may be very little room for other pedestrians, unless they can accommodate themselves with the kennel. There can be no danger in this practice; and it is that which makes it so general; for no one will attempt to attack four or five ill-looking fellows together.

If you see a coach coming, stop at the crossing, and make a run over just as the coach is up with you. If you should fall, the horses cannot possibly be stopped, and you have the best possible chance of having your legs or your head broken, and also have the double satisfaction of leaving an odium on the poor coachman, and of making him most likely lose his place.

If you meet a wheelbarrow, be sure to give the wall, although you have the kennel; because wheelbarrows have a better right to the pavement than foot-passengers; and although it be your office to prevent such nuisances, yet you know no man is ever *obliged* to do his *duty*. S\*\*\*\*.

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## ANCIENT CEREMONIES

FORMERLY USED IN THE CREATION OF KNIGHTS OF THE BATH.

THESE knights formerly took their appellation from *bathing*, which represents the purgation of the person bathed from sin, and from all kind of moral impurity. After bathing, he was put into a new and clean bed, to denote a perfect composure of mind, with which a course of glorious achievements in the military state he had entered, was to be finally rewarded.

After he had reposed himself, robes of crimson were delivered to him, by which rite and ornament he was instructed,

that he should be ready to expose himself, in his new military office, for the service of the Christian religion, whenever occasion required, even to the shedding his last drop of blood. These robes were lined and edged with white silk, emblematical of that immaculate honor, which, by virtue of his knighthood, he is bound to maintain.

The black stockings, with leather soles, are meant as a document of humility, reminding him of his extraction, in respect to his mortal part, the earth.

His spurs denote his valour, his ardour, and his activity in the pursuit of military adventures, his honor, and his obedience to his superior commanders. These spurs are carried as honorable trophies at the funeral of a Knight of the Bath.

His white girdle, or belt, represents the virtue of chastity, not in opposition to marriage, but to criminal love; for he is bound in his quality of a knight to be the constant guardian of female virtue.

The lords, by the sovereign's appointment, as they put on the spurs, should make the sign of the cross on each knee of the knight. Several ancient monuments of Knights of the Bath may be seen with crosses on their knees.

The sword is a token declaring the knight's open defiance to vice, and of his determination to support religion, and the duties of his calling, with vigor and constancy; particularly to defend the poor from the oppressions of the rich, and of weak men against the attacks of outrage from the strong.

The coif, white covering, and white hat, on the head, import that the knight is under an obligation to perform good and commendable works, and to preserve a pure and undefiled conscience before God, and void of reproach in his conduct towards man.

The blow on his neck was meant as a memorial to him, that he ought not to be insensible to any real injury, indignity, or affront; that honor is a tender point; and those impressions are sooner felt, or ought to be longer retained, than those whereby any person suffers in his character, as a man of honor.

*To the EDITOR of the LADIES' MONTHLY MUSEUM.*

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SIR,

IN perusing the memoirs and anecdotes selected from the correspondence of the Baron de Grimm and Diderot, I met with a disquisition so novel and amusing, that, while I could not restrain a smile at its oddity, I was highly gratified at its ingenuity and *naïveté*. I have only to state the title, to engage the attention of your female readers. It is called "The Art of the Toilet," and is professedly imitated from Lord Chesterfield. And, indeed, since that nobleman has so accurately defined the rules of behaviour and manners, which cannot fail of rendering a man agreeable in the eyes of the softer sex, it was, perhaps, but right that some friend to the power of beauty should draw up a code of laws, by which the fair might be directed how to manage their charms to the greatest advantage.

Our author, in the first place, divides the ladies into three distinct classes, for each of which he lays down separate regulations. The first class consists of those who are of the highest order of beauty, whose face and form seem calculated rather to enforce than to win admiration, and whom we are in the habit of distinguishing by the terms of "a fine woman," "a handsome woman," and "a commanding beauty." Such we may suppose to have been a Juno, a Cleopatra, an Elvira; such the heroines who could inspire the hearts of their lovers with all that is great and godlike, who could transform men into heroes and demigods; who were formed not for tame, sequestered love, content, 'mid household cares, to prattle to an idle offspring, and wait the dull delight of an obscure lover's kindness; but whose hearts were framed to look up with awe and homage to the object they adored, their ears to own no music but the thrilling records of his praise,—their lips to scorn all babbling but the tales of his achievements,—their brain to turn giddy with delight at the applauding tributes of his country's gratitude,—their whole soul to love him with devotion, with enthusiasm,—to see no other object, to own no other ties, but to make him their world!"



The second class is composed of those who want, indeed, the dignity which belongs to the former, but possess in its stead, more touching elegance, more feminine softness. As the former are the sublime, these are the beautiful. In these their face may be deficient in majesty, but it has a more winning loveliness; their form, light and ærial, seems to float betwixt earth and heaven: they are beings who

“Appear not of this world, and yet are on’t.”

In them their weakness is their strength; their very failings constitute their charms. The soft, yet glowing lustre beaming from an eye of heaven's own blue, seems to claim from man not admiration, but protection and support. Such we may conceive to have been a Venus, a Helen, an Eloisa. A being of this kind could love with a devotedness of affection equal to the other; but it would develope itself in a different manner. If upon her exertions depended the life of the man she adored, he must perish; she could not save him, but she would die with him. If public applauses followed him into retirement, and a nation's gratitude repaid his services, she would love him, if possible, with a fonder love; but it would not be *because* he was his country's idol, but *because*, being such, he was still devoted to her.

The third order of women is designated by the baron as “neutral faces,” that is, neither handsome nor ugly; but this is doing them injustice. I shall take the liberty of calling them by a different name. As the first are the sublime, and the second the beautiful, I shall denominate the third class, the interesting. These derive their attraction not from any regularity or loveliness of features or of figure, but from a lively and animated countenance, bright sparkling eyes, and a certain air, a *je ne sais quoi*, which pervades their whole person and manner. These, though they have not the more striking characteristics of either of the former classes, yet possess a charm, compounded, in some degree, of both, and heightened and improved by a vivacity and good temper, which is by many esteemed equal, and by some superior, to the brightest splendor of personal beauty. The emotions they excite are neither so deep, nor so lasting, but, perhaps, they are more equally pleasing and delightful than either of the others. Their countenance, though sparkling

with intelligence, proclaims in a language that cannot be misunderstood, that they possess neither the intensity of feeling of the first, nor the exquisite sensibility of the second class. But it may fairly be doubted whether these qualities do not, upon the whole, conduce as much to the pain as to the pleasure of the possessor. A deficiency in them, therefore, may, perhaps, be deemed a blessing, rather than a misfortune. If they have not heroism enough to *die for* a lover, nor fondness enough to *die with* him, they have good sense enough to *live with* him, content to enjoy and to impart the rational bliss which is most likely to ensure unalloyed and permanent happiness.

Having divided the sex into these three classes, our author proceeds to what he calls "The Art of the Toilet," or advice to each how to set off their charms to the best advantage, by the aid of decoration and dress. For this purpose, he compares the three orders, aptly enough, to the three kinds of poetry—the epic, the lyric, and the epigrammatic. To the first he recommends, as indispensable, an elegant simplicity of dress. A subject sufficiently distinguished in itself, has no occasion for extraneous ornaments; art may disfigure very beautiful nature—it can never embellish it. The mode of dress of a beauty of this class ought, therefore, to be entirely epic, noble, modest, and without any mixture of glitter. She is interdicted from every sort of trimmings and pompoons, and every thing that bears any resemblance to the *concetti* of modern literature. She must remember, that it is with dress as with modes of expression, the most simple is the only one which does not injure the sublimity of the thought; the happiest is that which incorporates itself with the thought, and does not permit itself to be discerned. We should never have the opportunity given us to say any thing of a handsome woman, but that we cannot conceive how she could possibly have been differently dressed.

To the second class the baron is less severe. He would have these adopt in their dress the style of lyric poetry, in all its varieties, imitating at one time, the taste of the sonnet, at another that of the madrigal, or rondeau. They may glow in all the voluptuous langour of the soul-breathing love-song, or assume the touching pathos of the pensive

elegy. With so wide a field of action, so extensive an assortment of natural and artificial adornments, the variegated charms of this class are so powerful, that he must be either more or less than man who can resist them, if judiciously managed.

The third class are instructed, that as the interest they excite is more properly attributable to a certain indistinguishable air and manner, than to any regular beauty; the recollection of this should decide the style of dress which it is advantageous for them to adopt. They must rest their powers of pleasing on the continual interest they awaken. If they once suffer themselves to be unattended to, they are lost. To them, therefore, are abandoned all the treasures of the sparkling, spirited epigram. They must be light, airy, and ever fantastical; and if they occasionally overstep the bounds of precise taste, and adopt some attendant charm, captivating by its singularity, we must not too rigidly examine whether it be exactly in keeping; just as we should think it cynical to analyse minutely the correctness of a thought which formed the point of a spirited epigram. Even affectation herself, if cautiously consulted, will sometimes prove an excellent handmaid,

“Practis’d to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,  
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,  
Wrapp’d in a gown, for sickness, and for show.”

Such, Mr. Editor, is the advice which is given to the sex. I will not follow the baron through his succeeding observations, as they really are exceedingly ungallant. I will only hope, that your fair readers will derive some instruction from the rules here laid down, even though I myself should be a sufferer from the application of them. In this case, I shall exclaim, with the wounded eagle,

“Hard is my fate, but harder still to feel  
Mine is the feather which has wing’d the steel.”

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

FLATTER.



## OPINIONS OF OLD ENGLISH AUTHORS

ON INTERESTING AND IMPORTANT SUBJECTS.

(Concluded from page 11.)

### BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is as Summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last, and for the most part it makes a dissolute youth, and age a little out of countenance. But yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine and vices blush.

Beauty is best in a body that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect. The beautiful prove accomplished, but not of great spirit, and study for the most part rather behaviour than virtue.

A beautiful face is a silent commendation.

The best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

LORD BACON.

### MARRIAGE.

As the consolation of children is great, no less, but rather greater, ought to be that which is the occasion of children; that is, honorable *matrimony*; a love by all laws allowed, not mutable nor encumbered with such vain cares and passions as that other love, of which there is no assurance. A match, forsooth, made for ever, and not for a day; a solace provided for youth, a comfort for age, a knot of alliance and amity indissoluble.

PUTTENHAM'S ARTE OF POESIE.

Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so that man may have a quarrel to marry when he will: but yet, he was reputed one of the wise men, that made answer to the question, "When a man should marry?" "*A young man, not yet—an elder man, not at all.*"

LORD BACON.

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet, of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.

SELDEN'S TABLE TALK.

Marriage is a desperate thing: the frogs, in *Æsop*, were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.

IBID.

We single out particulars, and apply God's providence to them; thus when two have married, and have undone one another, they say, "It was God's providence we should come together," when God's providence does equally concern in every thing.

IBID.

The greatest care ought to be had in the choice of a wife, and the only danger therein is beauty; by which all men in all ages, wise and foolish, have been betrayed. And though I know it vain to use reasons or arguments to dissuade thee from being captivated therewith, there being few or none that ever resisted that witchery, yet I cannot omit to warn thee, as of other things which may be thy ruin and destruction. For the present time, it is true, that every man prefers his fantasy in that appetite, before all other worldly desires, leaving the care of honor, credit, and safety, in respect thereof. But, remember, that though these affections do not last, yet the bond of marriage dureth to the end of thy life. Remember, secondly, that if thou marry for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life, for that which, perchance, will neither last, nor please thee one year; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all; for the degree dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

If it be late ere thou take a wife, thou shalt spend the prime and summer of thy life with harlots, destroy thy health, impoverish thy estate, and endanger thy life; and be sure of this, that how many mistresses soever thou hast, so many enemies thou shalt purchase to thyself; for there never was any such affection that ended not in hatred or disdain. \* \* \* Bestow, therefore, thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. Whilst thou art young, thou wilt think it will never have an end; but, behold, the longest day hath his evening, and that thou shalt enjoy it but once, that it never turns again; use it,

therefore, as the spring-time which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life. IBID.

Let thy time of marriage be in thy young and strong years, for believe it, the young wife ever betrayed the old husband; and she that had thee not in thy flower, will despise in thy fall, and thou shalt be unto her but a captivity and sorrow.

Thy best time will be towards *thirty*; for as the younger years are unfit either to choose or to govern a wife and family, so, if thou stay long, thou shalt hardly see the education of thy children, which, being left to strangers, are in effect lost, and better were it to be unborn, than ill-bred, for thereby thy posterity shall either perish, or remain a shame to thy name and family.

Above all the rest, have a care thou dost not marry an uncomely woman for any respect; for comeliness in children is riches, if nothing else be left them; and if thou have a care for thy race of horses and other beasts, value the shape and comeliness of thy children before alliances or riches\*; have a care, therefore, of both together, for if thou have a fair wife and a poor one, if thine own estate be not great, assure thyself that love abideth not with want, for she is thy companion of plenty and honor. I never yet knew a poor woman exceeding fair, that was not made dishonest by one or other in the end. IBID.

Have evermore care that thou be beloved of thy wife, rather than thyself besotted on her, and thou shalt judge of her love by these two observations. First, if thou perceive she have a care of thy estate, and exercise herself therein; the other, if she study to please thee, and be sweet unto

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\* Sir Walter seems to have been of the same way of thinking with the Lord Chancellor Bacon, and of their Royal Mistress, who used to say, that "*a good face was a letter of recommendation.*" We are, indeed, informed by Naunton, that, in regard to persons she employed in her state affairs, Elizabeth "always took personage in the way of her election, excepting some of her kindred, and some few that had handsome wits in crooked bodies."



thee in conversation without thy instruction ; for love needs no teaching nor precept.

On the other side, be not sour or stern to thy wife, for cruelty engendereth no other thing than hatred : let her have equal part of thy estate whilst thou livest, if thou find her sparing and honest ; but what thou givest after thy death remember thou givest it to a stranger, and most times to an enemy ; for he that shall marry thy wife will despise thee, thy memory, and thine, and shall possess the quiet of thy labors, the fruit which thou hast planted, enjoy thy love, and spend with joy and ease what thou hast spared and gotten with care and travel. Yet always remember, that thou leave not thy wife to be a shame unto thee after thou art dead, but that she may live according to thy estate, especially, if thou hast few children, and them provided for. But howsoever it be, or whatsoever thou findest, leave thy wife no more than of necessity thou must, but only during her *widowhood* ; for if she love again, let her not enjoy her second love in the same bed wherein she loved thee, nor fly to future pleasures with those feathers which death has pulled from thy wings ; but leave thy estate to thy house and children in which thou livest upon earth whilst it lasteth. To conclude, wives were ordained to continue the generation of men, not to transfer them and diminish them either in continuance or ability, and, therefore, thy house and estate, which liveth in thy son, and not in thy wife, is to be preferred\*.

IBID.

\* The foregoing observations ought not to be considered as having originated in any mean and selfish principle in the mind of the illustrious Raleigh, for they have been approved and followed by the wisest of mankind. His letter to his wife, after his condemnation to the scaffold, gives exemplary proof of his conjugal affection and liberality of sentiment, as may be seen in the following extract :—

“ Dear Wife,

“ I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt, you shall be much sought unto, for the world thinks I was very rich ; have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life, than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, God knows, *not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect*

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

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EXTRACT

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FROM "TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA," &amp;c.

*(Continued from page 41.)*

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THE grass fire is scarcely less destructive to the crops of grain than a little worm, peculiar to the Black-sea, is to the fleets of Russia. The progress of that worm is as certain and as swift as the running grains of an hour-glass; it preys on the ship's bottom, and when once it has established itself, nothing that has yet been discovered can stop its ravages, even coppered vessels are ultimately rendered useless when any small opening admits the perforation of this subtle little creature."

At New Tcherkask, the capital of the Donskoy country, Sir R. Porter paid his respects to the far-famed Attaman Platoff, of which visit he gives an interesting description. "The palace of this celebrated chief is a noble building. A guard of Cossacks kept the outer gate, and others stood with drawn swords at the entrance door, while officers in waiting and attendants occupied the passages and anti-chambers, with every degree of form that combines a princely and military state.

"On being ushered as a stranger into an apartment, where I was met by the Attaman's secretary, I mentioned my name to him, and the good gentleman's joyful surprise was no unpleasant token of his chief's welcome. I did not delay being conducted to the Attaman's presence, and words

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*of God and the world. As for me, I am no more your's, nor you mine, death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child, for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and your's that I desired it; for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms."*

N.

cannot express the hospitable greeting of the kind old man. He embraced me, and repeatedly congratulated himself on the events, whatever they might have been, that induced me to change my route to that of his territory. When he could spare me to proceed, he said, he would pledge himself that I should have every facility in his power, to bring me to Tiffa in safety. The police-officer of Tcherkask being in the room, was ordered to provide me suitable quarters in the town, but the Attaman's table was to be mine; and he commanded an equipage to be placed entirely at my disposal. I urged that my stay must be short, but he would not hear of my leaving him, till I had shared with him the honor of a visit he was then expecting from His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael.

"Anxious as I was to lose no time in crossing the Caucasus, I could not withstand persuasions glowing from a heart so kindly to myself and grateful to my country. He expressed, in the most enthusiastic manner, his sense of the attentions bestowed on him by all ranks of people during his stay in England, in 1814. He said, that, independent of private respect for individuals, he must always consider himself fortunate, when circumstances brought any Englishman into the Donskoy country, to whom he might evince his gratitude.

"I passed the remainder of the day with my venerable host, and on my return to the city, found most comfortable quarters, to which, in my absence, my carriage, servants, &c. had been carefully transferred; all were placed under a guard of honor, which was to hold attendance during my stay at Tcherkask."

Sir R. Porter, having made some stay with the Patriarchial Attaman, and partook of the festivities prepared for the Grand Duke Michael, proceeded on his interesting journey, from which it would please us to give many copious extracts, but must, at present, confine ourselves to the following:—

"The mountains of Elborz are noted in Persia by divers legends, respecting a malignant race of demons, fabled to possess their extremest heights, and it was amongst the wildest recesses of Elborz, that the fiend-like sect, so famous in the histories of the crusades, under the appellation of



assassins, spread themselves from those remote eastern regions to the hills of Syria.

“The faith of these people was a wild aberration from the Mahometan creed, mingling with its laws and fatalities, the transmigatory doctrines of the Hindoos; and in consequence, they believed, that their Prince, or Inman, was a successive incarnation of the Great Prophet, and that every behest of his to good or evil, must be obeyed as implicitly as the word of God himself. The first of this tribe, who arrogated these divine pretensions was Hassan Saheb, a man whose domineering passions, consummate subtilty, and persevering spirit of enterprise, perfectly fitted for his plan of imposture. He appeared about the year 1090, and by various intrigues, and singular mysterious deportment, as well as so invincible a courage, that few dared to resist, that approached it, he inspired the ignorant barbarians around him with a firm belief in his mission, and an enthusiastic attachment to himself. His despotic authority followed of course; once secure of his empire over these people, he secured every pass of the mountains with fastnesses; and, holding himself independent of the surrounding states, he spread his colonies over Elborz, and along the whole range of hills to beyond Tubreez, whence they issued forth singly, or in bands, at the command of their Inman, or his deputed emissaries, to destroy by open assault, ambuscade, or private murder, all people or persons who were obnoxious to his avarice, or ambition, Christians, Jews, or Mehometans, of Omar, or Ali, all were were alike the subjects of his excommunication, and he sold his dagger, or rather that of his followers, to whatever party were vile enough to purchase the blood of their enemies. There was a mystical obscurity about his person, and in the views of his widely-extending government, with a dauntless determination of proceeding, that held the princes in that dark age in a kind of superstitious awe. Jealous of his sway, and abhorring his tenets, contemning his divine pretensions, yet doubting whether he did not possess some superhuman means of mischief, they dreaded a power which seemed to hang over themselves and people with constant threatening, though never shewing when, or where, it would strike. He soon acquired from these appalled sovereigns,

the vague, but supreme, title of Sheik-ul-Jebal, or Lord of the Mountains; while in the minds of the most superstitious people, he might well be considered one of the dreadful demons of the waste.

"It so happened, that for more than two centuries, in short, from their accession to their extinction, every successor of the first Inman inherited the same disposition to turn the blind zeal of their followers to the worst purposes. A colony of these fanatics, under the leading of one of Hassan Saheb's most odious representatives, settled themselves among the heights of Lebanon, and have been variously called Ishmaleians, Bathenians, or Assassins. That colony is the best known to European historians, from the horrible enormities which its people committed in the towns and villages of the Holy Land; and not less so to the persons and lives of some of our most gallant crusaders. It is woeful to read who were the victims of these savages; but often much more horrible to turn the page, and find who were their employers. Their universal insolence, however, at last armed every hand against them; and much about the same time, towards the end of the thirteenth century, they were routed out of Syria and Egypt (whither they had extended themselves), and from their original seats in Persia, leaving nothing but their appropriate appellation of Assassins behind them; no longer to be considered, what it had originally imported, the mere distinguishing name of a sect; but to have severally afforded from age to age hereafter, as a peculiar brand of infamy on every secret, treacherous, or hired murderer.

"Hainkoo, the Mogul conqueror of Persia, and of the family of the famous Zingis Khan, was the prince whose victorious arms almost repaid to his new dominions the devastations of his conquest, by the entire extirpation of the lawless race which had so long preyed on the vitals of the country."

#### PICTURESQUE TOUR OF THE SEINE.

This truly elegant work, which has been published in four parts, is now concluded, and fully justifies all the promises it gave at its commencement; and we do not hesitate in recommending it a place on the shelves of every well arranged and select library. In the description of Havre de Grace, we find the following notice of St. Pierre.

“ Havre has to boast of having given birth to to the celebrated J. H. Bernadine de St. Pierre, author of the *Studies of Nature*, and the exquisite tale of *Paul and Virginia*.—Qualified by his mathematical studies for the profession of a military engineer, he endeavored to obtain a suitable appointment in his native country, but without success; on which, he went to Russia, and offered his services to the Empress Catharine, by whom they were accepted. Disgusted with that Princess's conduct, in regard to the partition of Poland, and not being able to obtain a situation suitable to his wishes, he returned to France and devoted the remainder of his days to the cultivation of Literature; in his *Studies of Nature*, he embodied with some fanciful theories the observations of his whole life, in language glowing with eloquence, and fraught with sentiments of the warmest philanthropy and unaffected tenderness. The same quality pervades his *Paul and Virginia*; which, as we learn from the recent work published by *Mr. Aimes*, Martin, would probably never have been given to the world but for M. Vernet, the eminent marine painter.

“ St. Pierre had one evening read his tale at Mr. Neckar's to a company, among whom were Buffon, Thomson, and the Abbe Galiani, and from the manner those distinguished writers listened to his production, St. Pierre felt convinced that it was unworthy of publication, and even formed the idea of committing the manuscript to the flames. Soon afterwards, he received a visit from M. Vernet, who dissuaded him from his intention; and by his warm commendation of the performance, prevailed on him to publish it. The extraordinary success of the work confirmed the opinion of his friend, increased the popularity, and greatly improved the finances of the author. St. Pierre died in 1813, leaving an unfinished work, since published under the title of *Harmonies of Nature*; resembling in its general character his earlier productions.

WALTZ. CLARK, London. Price 2s. 6d.

The public will not soon forget the noise that accompanied the general introduction of the Waltz into fashionable circles a few years since; and may no doubt remember the castigation inflicted on waltzing, by Lord Byron, who penned a poem entitled the Waltz. An apostrophic hymn, by Horace



Hornhem, Esq. a country gentleman, who married a middle-aged maid of honor, with whom he lived happily for several years, till the lady was seized with the mania for waltzing, which annoyed her husband excessively, and he wrote an *ironical* poem in its praise. The introduction is humorous enough in his address to the publisher.—“Judge my surprise at entering the Countess of Waltzonway’s ball-room, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornhem with her arms half round the loins of a very tall hussar-looking gentleman. I never saw with my eyes before; and his, to say the truth, more than half round her waist, turning round and round, to a see-saw, up and down sort of a tune, till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so;” and he goes on with so exquisite a description, that almost sets the head giddy to read it.

The chief merit of this poem is its severity; several private copies were distributed at the time, but this is its first public appearance.

**WOMAN IN INDIA;** with notes, by JOHN LAWSON, Missionary of Calcutta. London. 8vo.

WHILE our Lake, Local, and Metropolitan Poets, gratify themselves by amatory lines, or fictitious narrations of Elfin Queens, Mr. L. with a devotional spirit, tunes the strings of his harp in behalf of Woman in India, dedicated to the ladies of Great Britain, directing their attention towards an interesting but degrading part of their own sex. He admits that women’s love ought to be strong as death and secret as the grave, but pities the delusion that enforces the sacrifice of a young and beauteous widow through a mistaken notion of duty. In this country, the dying father feels a consolation that the widowed parent who survives him, will supply his place, in addition to her own, to their dear offspring as far as possible; and is cheered by the solemn promise he then receives. The work is written in sweet strains of pure benevolence; and we trust, the author’s wishes will be fulfilled in sufficient missionaries being sent out to enlighten the minds and root out the horrid practice that stains so large a portion of the globe.



## THE CORONATION

OF

*His Most Gracious MAJESTY, KING GEORGE IV.*

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THURSDAY, the 19th of July, being appointed for the Coronation, the bells of Westminster Abbey and the different churches commenced ringing as soon as the clocks had announced the midnight hour of Wednesday to have passed away, and some artillery were discharged. His Majesty went over night to the Speaker's house, and slept there for his greater convenience. As early as one in the morning, several persons took their seats to view the external part of the gorgeous ceremony, and from three to seven in the morning the company who had tickets of admission into the Hall and the Abbey, kept arriving. The day was most favorable for the magnificent pageant; the crowd was immense, but order was kept under the most salutary regulations. At four in the morning, a salute was fired from a ship stationed in the river, announcing the approach of the civic procession moving towards the Hall.

All the arrangements were finally completed on Wednesday night; strong barriers were raised across the streets; rules appointed and advertised for the setting down and taking up of the company, and different stations appointed to the magistrates, police, and constables, and the military officers, horse and foot, and the troops and companies under their command. The Yeomen of the Guard took their station over night at Old Richmond House, in Parliament-street, and there received orders as to their duties on the day ensuing.

The appearance of the platform, (above a quarter of a mile in length) was lively and finished, covered with fine matting, and the middle with purple cloth. The awning was raised by means of lines and pulleys, so as to be drawn or undrawn according to the weather; on each side of the platform was a lower space occupied by foot soldiers flanked by horse soldiers.

The immense range of Coronation galleries in front of

every house, the erections in the Church-yard, Parliament-Square, and every vacant space, is beyond description. The hangings were mostly of velvet and fine scarlet or purple cloth, with deep fringe, and the fronts of the galleries adorned with rich paperings, elegant devices, &c.

In Westminster-Hall, the throne and seat were superb, and the Hall was lighted by twenty-six large and magnificent chandeliers, raised on gilt pillars, fancifully decorated. The upper platform where the royal tables were spread, was covered with rich Persian carpet with the nap on; the rest of the Hall with matting, except the centre to the space of fourteen feet, which was spread with blue cloth.

A separate platform was erected for the convenience of the peeresses from the House of Lords to Poet's-Corner door.

The Champion arrived at seven o'clock at the Hall; at a quarter past seven, Miss Fellowes, the Herb-woman, entered, conducted by her brother, and followed by her six attendants, and took her station at the lower part of the Hall. These ladies were elegantly attired in white; Miss Fellowes was distinguished from her maidens by a scarlet mantle, edged with gold bullion fringe, and a badge emblematical of her office, suspended to her neck, by a gold chain. Mr. Jenkinson, of the Mary-le-bone nursery, supplied the flowers, amongst which were most choice exotics.

The Hall now began to fill very rapidly; the galleries presented a congregated assemblage of beauty and rank seldom or never equalled, and as the sun rose, the female dresses displayed peculiar brilliancy.

Every department that was to attend the ceremony being present, the names of the individuals were called over by the Deputy Garter, and those present answered: there were very few instances of absence.

At ten o'clock precisely, the king entered the Hall, and took his seat at the end of the royal table; at this moment, a gun was fired at Cotton-Garden to announce the commencement of the grand ceremony. Every person rose; the trumpets flourished, and "God save the King," was played.

In the ceremony that followed of placing the Regalia on the table, His Majesty shewed that he perfectly understood the manner in which it was to be done, and frequently gave

his directions to the noblemen and officers in the execution of their duties.

The Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord Gwydir, the Lord High Constable, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Marshal, Howard of Effingham, then ascended the steps, and placed themselves near the table. The Marquis of Anglesea, as Lord High Steward, and the Garter Rods, &c. took their places near the chair of state, and the train-bearers, (eldest sons of peers) assembled near the throne.

At this time the procession was forming at the lower end of the Hall. The Prebendaries carried the Regalia, the Chalice, the Bible, and the Paten; and the great Law-Officers and Dignitaries, the Swords of Justice, Mercy, &c. and the second gun being fired, the procession moved on, the Herb-woman and her six maids, strewing the way with flowers. As they left the Hall, a grand anthem continued performing, "O Lord, grant the King a long Life."

His Majesty was preceded by all his royal brothers, (with the exception of the Duke of Cumberland) and their train-bearers; the youngest, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Gloucester, going first.

The King wore a cap of state, adorned with jewels, under a canopy of cloth of gold, borne by sixteen Barons of the Cinque-ports; his train supported by the bearers, and his person by four Bishops, Oxford, Durham, Lincoln, and Bath and Wells; then followed all the noble Lords of the Household, Gold Stick, Keeper of His Majesty's Privy-purse, Grooms of the Bed-chamber, Pages in Waiting, Equerries, Physicians, Chaplains, Gentlemen Pensioners, and Yeomen of the Guard.

The procession, of which it is scarce possible to convey an adequate idea, from its solemnity and grandeur, received much increase of brilliancy from the sun shining on the regalia, swords, banners, &c.

The Herb-woman and maids, with the Serjeant Porter, remained within the portico of the Abbey, where they received a fresh supply of flowers, which they profusely strewed as His Majesty entered.

Precisely at a quarter before eleven, His Majesty entered the Abbey. The illustrious company, to which the foreign Ambassadors and their ladies were just added, rose at his

entrance, and clapped hands. His Majesty seemed much fatigued from his exertions and the weight of his royal robe, studded with gems, and on reaching his chair, the Archbishop handed him a handkerchief with which he wiped his face; he then turned round, and with a gracious smile noticed the assemblage of his subjects. Anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me."

The Archbishop, attended by the proper officers, such as the Lord Chancellor, &c. then moving to the east, said, "Sirs, I here present unto you King George the Fourth, the rightful inheritor of the crown of this realm, wherefore all ye that are come this day to do your homage and bounden duty, are you willing to do the same?"

To this the people replied with repeated acclamations, "God save King George the Fourth!" This was repeated west, north, and south, the King each time turning that way. At the last recognition, the drums beat and the trumpets sounded.

The Bible, &c. were then placed on the altar, and the King presented his first offering, an altar cover, or pall, of cloth of gold. The sacred offering was a pound of gold, troy-weight, which was placed in the oblation-bason. Morning service then began, and the Communion being read, the Archbishop of York preached a sermon, from the Second Book of Samuel, 23d Chapter, 3d and 4th verses—

"The God of Israel said, the rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.

"And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds, as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

His Majesty next took the Coronation Oath, and signed it, the Deputy Lord Great Chamberlain holding a silver standish for that purpose. An anthem was sung, and the prayers read, preparatory to the anointing. His Majesty then disrobed, and took off his cap, which, with his robes, was conveyed into St. Edward's Chapel.

The well-known Coronation-chair being taken to the front of the altar, the King was seated therein. Four Barons held a small canopy of cloth of gold over his head; and the Dean



of Westminster stood with the Ampulla containing the oil, and the spoon of pure gold, set with pearls on the handle.

The Archbishop then performed the ceremony of anointing; and His Majesty, kneeling, received the solemn benediction, when another anthem was played and sung.

The King was now arrayed in his new robes of purple, and his new crown, (he was crowned by the Archbishop with that called St. Edward's) the different orbs, sceptres, staff, swords, &c. were alternately delivered to His Majesty to hold. A solemn anthem was played, and the august ceremony being concluded, he retired with the Dean of Westminster, &c. to St. Edward's Chapel, which was fitted up for that purpose.

The procession now began to arrange for its return; and the King on his re-appearance was greeted with continued shouts of "God save King George the Fourth," followed by the national anthem.

The King returned wearing his new crown and Coronation-robes, the Regalia being left in the Abbey according to ancient usage, in the custody of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, who are answerable for their safety. The various swords were carried, and the Peers returned with their coronets on their heads.

The banquet was magnificent and worthy the occasion.

Just before the second course was served up, the trumpets sounded, and the Champion rode in, ushered by the Lord High Constable, Earl Marshal, and Heralds, and gave the challenge three times, in Latin, French, and English, and threw down the gauntlet, offering to fight any person of whatsoever degree, who dare gainsay aught against the right of George the Fourth to the crown. It is needless to say no one disputed the right, and the glove was taken up by a Herald. It is rather singular, that this challenge does not take place till the ceremony of inauguration is over. His Majesty had a cup of gold, which, with its cover, weighs thirty ounces, then presented by the cup-bearer, out of which His Majesty drank to the health of his trusty and well-beloved Champion; and the cup being replenished, His Majesty sent it to the Champion, who drank to his Sovereign's health; and then bowing lowly, retired with the

cup and cover as part of his fees, and with his attendants backed their horses out of the Hall in the most graceful manner. They soon after took their stations at the banquet. A coronation ode was performed at the dinner, recited by the Poet Laureat.

His Majesty left the Hall at an early hour, and returned in his private carriage to Carlton-palace, fatigued, but not so much as was anticipated by the efforts of the day. Grand fire-works in Hyde-park concluded the august ceremonies.

Many claims are made for services on this day, which in modern times, and especially on the present occasion, have been commuted for a sum of money, except in a few instances, amongst which is a robe of fine Genoa velvet, forty yards long.

It is with heartfelt pleasure that we add, that the whole of the ceremony passed off with a grace and enthusiastic good humour, which will long be remembered by all who witnessed the one or participated in the other. We have not heard of one serious accident, a circumstance, which added to the fineness of the day, encreased the general satisfaction. Many apprehensions were entertained, which happily proved groundless.

In the morning it was observed, that his Majesty looked pale, and was evidently much fatigued; but this is not surprising when we consider the weight of his robes, and the extreme heat of the day. On his return from the Abbey, the cheerfulness of his countenance evinced that he had recovered from the inconveniences of the morning. The Abbey was at first intensely hot. The Princess Augusta sent a scented handkerchief to him by the Bishop of Durham, which he received with one of those gracious smiles that so peculiarly distinguish him. He was crowned at half past one o'clock. When the crown was put on his head, Sir T. Tyrwhitt ascended the platform of the theatre, and made a signal with his rod to a navy officer, who was stationed on the tower of the Abbey over the throne. The officer was looking out through a small window that was prepared for the occasion, and he immediately communicated the signal without, when the guns fired. When His Majesty entered the hall in the morning, he seemed to have been inspired with wonder and

delight at the brilliant prospect before him. The manner of His Majesty's ascent to the chair of state, and his seating himself thereon, were specimens of the most exquisite grace and dignity.

On quitting the throne in the morning to take his place in the procession from the Hall, His Majesty advanced alone with a firm step, until he reached the first flight of descending steps from the platform; he there paused for an instant and looked around as if waiting assistance; a gentleman in a scarlet uniform advanced, and tendered it, when His Majesty with his right hand leaning upon the shoulder of the gentleman, descended the steps; but when he came upon the area of the Hall, His Majesty dismissed him, saying, in a tone distinctly audible, "I thank you, sir." We could not learn the name of the gentleman.

Nothing could be more brilliant than the display of beauty and fashion on the occasion. The ladies were magnificently dressed in plumes, with a profusion of diamonds in every shape and ornament. The Princess Esterhazy wore a double tiara, that blazed like a sun. Another lady exhibited a large deep coronet of brilliants: all wore some dazzling ornament, and they fairly outshone the gentlemen in defiance of uniforms, blue, green, and scarlet, covered with gold embroidery. From this inferiority, we must exempt the elder Prince Esterhazy. It is reported that his coronation costume would be worth £100,000. He wore a Hungarian hussar dress; the diamond stars on its bosom were of great size and extraordinary beauty. The loop of his cap was diamond; it had a diamond plume, and a diamond rose in the aigrette; forming altogether, an appearance of the most splendid kind. The greatest inconvenience was felt by the ladies for the want of refreshments; but every thing thing was done for their comfort which could under such circumstances be devised. The peeresses in the gallery, formed no exemption from the general complaint, and seemed very well disposed to take whatever refreshments they could get. The Marquis of Buckingham happening to be in view of the Duchess of Rutland, and asked her Grace whether she had any thing to eat. Her Grace answered she had not, and expressed her readiness to receive any thing in the way of charity which his Lordship was disposed



to offer. His Lordship said he would send her something by his Esquire, and accordingly dispatched to her a dish with a pair of roast fowls and a bottle of Madeira, which her Grace divided with her fair and distinguished neighbours.

The manner in which the Champion performed his part in the august ceremony gave universal satisfaction. The Duke of Wellington, who with the Marquis of Anglesea, accompanied him, rode his favorite dun-colored Arabian. The style in which the latter managed his horse excited great admiration. All the horses were terrified at the shouts which rung through the Hall, but the dexterity of their riders prevented either confusion or accident.

We must not close our hasty account without mentioning the liberality of sentiment shewn by His Majesty on the occasion. No distinctions of party characterised his measures of preparation for this great national solemnity. His own judgment decided for the first time a representative to Ireland on this occasion, by summoning the Marquis of Lansdown to perform the duties of Lord High Constable of that kingdom. To his just principles and steady friendship, is to be ascribed the unusual enlargement of the Order of the Thistle, which enabled him to confer that honor on the Earls of Cassilis and Lauderdale. But the nomination of six royal pages, though apparently a trifling circumstance, is perhaps the clearest mark of His Majesty's personal disposition in matters which peculiarly concern himself. The young noblemen chosen by the King are Lord Charles Fox Russel, Lord Wroestherley Russel, (sons of the Duke of Bedford,) Lord Villiers and the Hon. Mr. Villiers, (sons of Lord Jersey,) Lord Fordwick, and Mr. Howard, a son of Lord Morpeth.

Long then may our gracious Sovereign reign, equally over the hearts of his people as over his extensive dominions. May the sun of his prosperity never set. May his name be for ever endeared to the present generation, and his memory to every succeeding one; and may all unite with us in the cordial and soul-inspiring cry—"Long live George the IV. Long live the House of Brunswick!"

An account of the origin, &c. of many of the forms observed on this occasion, shall be given in our next.



## EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

FOR JULY, 1821.

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**BUONAPARTE.**—Official advices lately received from St. Helena, announce the death of the Ex-emperor of France. This extraordinary man, who made nations tremble at his power, is no more; he died on the fifth of May, a little before five in the afternoon, after an illness of six weeks; only the two last of which had been considered dangerous. He retained his senses till within a few hours of his death, sensible of his approaching end, and resigned to it; his last words, though devoid of connection, shew the tenor of what was passing in his mind, "*Mon Fils, tete d'armées,—France.*"—He had caused the portrait of his son to be placed at the foot of the bed, and kept his eyes continued intently fixed on it. His age was 52, and the day of his decease was remarkable for its being an anniversary of the one in which he quitted Elba. He lay in state two days dressed in his favorite green uniform and scarlet facings, adorned with all his orders and crosses; but the heat of a tropical climate obliged them to inter him as soon as the necessary preparations could be made. His first coffin was tin, the second mahogany, and the outer one was covered with fine black cloth, handsomely ornamented.

It was at first proposed to send the body to England, but on opening the will of the deceased, it was discovered that he wished to be interred between the willows, in a beautiful spot called "Haine's Valley," where he used frequently to breakfast while in health; and the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, issued orders that his posthumous request should be complied with. A grave was bricked round and consecrated for that purpose, and the corpse being deposited therein, it was filled up with heavy stones and cement, covered at top with a plain marble slab.

He was interred with the military honors due to a general of the highest rank, and his horse was led after him; the Counts Bertrand and Montholon were his pall-bearers; Ma-

dame Bertrand and her daughter were the chief mourners, and on the road they were joined by Lady Lowe and her daughter; all the officers of the garison, the physicians, &c. followed. The coffin was borne on a car, covered with black, and surmounted by a canopy. The procession had two miles to move from Longwood, and the descent to the valley was in some places very difficult; three volleys were discharged over his grave, which was bedewed with the tears of the faithful followers of his exile.

His disorder was a cancer in the stomach, which on inspection by the surgeons was found perforated in several places by the disease; the heart was small, but covered with fat, and one of the kidneys was reversed, but no other remarkable appearance was discernible. He seemed sensible of the nature of his complaint, and said it was an hereditary one, of which his father died at the early age of thirty-six, and commanded his body to be opened. Count Bertrand had the heart put in a silver vase filled with spirit, with an intention to convey it to France, but it was afterwards replaced, as was the stomach, which had been enclosed in another vase.

The Queen presented a memorial to the most Hon. Privy Council, praying to be heard by counsel as to her right to be crowned, which was granted. Messrs. Brougham and Denman made very elaborate speeches on the subject, and quoted many precedents respecting former Queens, but it was determined by the Council, that a Queen Consort has no legal right to be crowned, that honor depending solely on the grace and favor of the King.

Her Majesty then sent to demand a suitable seat at the approaching coronation, and the following is a copy of a letter received by the Queen from Lord Sidmouth by implication, as there was no signature:

“ Whitehall, July 18, 1821.

“ Madam,

“ I have laid before the King your Majesty's letter to me of the 11th of this month, in which it is stated that your Majesty considers it necessary to inform me that it is your Majesty's intention to be present at the ceremony on the 19th, the day fixed for His Majesty's coronation; and you therefore demand, that a suitable place may be appointed for your Majesty; and I am commanded by the King

to refer your Majesty to the Earl of Liverpool's letter of the 7th of May last, and to acquaint your Majesty, that it is not His Majesty's pleasure to comply with the request contained in your Majesty's letter.

*Letter alluded to in the foregoing:*

*" May 7th.*

" Lord Sidmouth has received the King's commands, in consequence of the last communication of the Queen to Lord Liverpool of the 5th. instant, to inform the Queen, that His Majesty having determined that the Queen shall form no part of the ceremonial of the Coronation, it is therefore his Royal pleasure, that the Queen shall not attend the said ceremony."

*The Queen's reply.*

*" Brandenburg House, July 13th.*

" My Lord, I have this instant received a letter, dated Whitehall, July the 13th, without any signature; I therefore consider it as anonymous, and shall treat it as such, till I hear from your Lordship.

" To Lord Viscount Sidmouth.

*" CAROLINE REX,"*

We are given to understand that Lord Sidmouth's letter being unsigned was purely accidental. The letter was taken off his Lordship's table by the Secretary under the impression that it was finished, and he accordingly folded and forwarded it to Her Majesty.

Immediately on its being returned by the Queen, his Lordship affixed his signature, and resent it with an apology for the former omission.

Her Majesty, it appears, was offered several tickets of admission to the Abbey, which she deemed beneath her dignity to accept; and on the morning of the august ceremony, at as early an hour as half-past six, she repaired to the Abbey, most superbly attired, attended by Lord and Lady Hood and Lady Ann Hamilton; but being informed at each of the doors where Her Majesty demanded admission, that no person could be admitted without tickets, and that no exception could be made by the persons who had the charge reposed in them, in respect to Her Majesty and her attendants, she returned to her house in South Audley Street.

The Queen on being refused admittance into the Hall, crossed the platform towards her carriage, which had proceeded round. The soldiers at first crossed their bayonets to prevent Her Majesty's progress; but she put them aside with her arm, and in the most dignified manner exclaimed, "Do you refuse your Queen?" The officer in command at this station, ordered them to stand back, and though there were strict orders given not to allow any one to walk on the platform previous to the procession, an exception was made in favor of Her Majesty.

Storey's gate being closed, Her Majesty proceeded along Queen-street, when a barrier impeding Her Majesty's progress, it was removed by the crowd instantaneously with an effort of strength that was wonderful.

Her Majesty, on her return to Cambridge-House, was visited by several of her numerous friends, to compliment her on the fortitude and equanimity she had displayed.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

*Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Her Majesty communicates to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, that as His Majesty has thought fit to reject her being crowned at the same time with the King, the Queen must trust there can be no objection to Her Majesty receiving that right on the following week, whilst the Abbey still remains in a state of preparation for the august ceremony, without any additional expense to the nation; that Her Majesty does not wish it from any desire of participating in the mere form and ceremony of a Coronation, but as a just right, which Her Majesty could not abandon without doing a manifest injury not only to herself, but to future Queen Consorts, to the British nation, and to posterity.

*Brandenburgh House, July 15th.*

*Lambeth Palace.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury has the honor to acknowledge, with all humility, the receipt of Her Majesty's communication. Her Majesty is undoubtedly aware that the Archbishop cannot stir a single step in the subject matter of it without the commands of the King.

*July 15th.*



*Letter to the King through Lord Sidmouth.*

The Queen requests that His Majesty would please to give an early answer to the demand which the Queen has made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be crowned the following week, not wishing to increase any new expence on the nation. The Queen must trust, that, after the public insult Her Majesty has received this morning, the King will grant her just right to be crowned as next Monday, and that His Majesty will command the Archbishop of Canterbury to fulfil the Queen's particular desire to confer upon her that sacred and august ceremony.

The Queen also communicates to His Majesty, that during the King's absence in Ireland, Her Majesty intends visiting Edinburgh.

*July 19th.*

The above letter was sent to Lord Sidmouth.

*Lord Sidmouth's reply.*

MADAM,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from your Majesty enclosing one addressed to His Majesty the King, which I have had the honor of laying before His Majesty; and I am commanded to acquaint your Majesty, that the Privy Council, to which your Majesty's petition was referred, at your request, having decided, after solemn argument, that the Queen Consorts of this realm are not entitled as of right to be crowned at any time, the King does not think proper to give any orders as to the coronation of your Majesty. I have the honor to be,

*July 20th,* With the highest respect,

Madam,

Your Majesty's most obedient, humble Servant,

SIDMOUTH.

On Wednesday, the 11th of July, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earls of Harrowby and Westmoreland, and the Duke of Wellington, took their seats as His Majesty's Commissioners for proroguing the Parliament; about three o'clock, the attendance of the House of Commons was desired by the Usher of the Black rod, and shortly after the Hon. Speaker, accompanied by several of the members, appeared

at the bar. The Lord Chancellor read His Majesty's speech to both Houses, expressive of his thanks to them, for the manner in which they had fulfilled the arduous duty in the laborious and important enquiries in which they had been engaged this Sessions, and to assure them of the gratification His Majesty derived from the provision made for the Duke of Clarence. His Majesty lamented the agricultural distress to which many parts of the Kingdom are still subjected, and it is His Majesty's anxious desire, by a strict attention to public economy, to do all that depends on him, for the relief of the country; and His Majesty confidently relies on the utmost exertions being made in the several counties, to enforce obedience to the laws, and promote harmony and comfort amongst all descriptions of His Majesty's subjects.

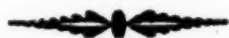
The Lord Chancellor then declared the Parliament prorogued to Thursday, September the 20th. The Lords retired from the House, and the Commons withdrew from the bar.

On the thirteenth, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived in town, to be present at the Coronation, and received numerous visits from the nobility at Buckingham-House.

His Majesty held a Levee on Wednesday, the 25th of last month, and a Drawing-room on Thursday, the 26th.

Considerable crowds assembled at the theatres on Thursday evening, in consequence of His Gracious Majesty's command to grant free admissions, under the judicious arrangement of previous application for tickets; persons receiving them giving their name and address.

The illuminations of the night of the Coronation were in general of the most splendid description. The most conspicuous were the public offices, the theatres, and his Majesty's tradespeople. The devices were splendid and tasteful.



## THE DRAMA.

### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

MR. KEAN arrived in town on Monday the 23d, from America, and made his appearance on the same evening in Richard III. to a crowded audience, by whom he was re-

ceived in a most enthusiastic manner. After the play he was loudly called for; when he came forward and addressed them in a neat speech, in which he begged them to excuse his imperfect performance on that evening, and permit him to recover from the fatigues of so long a journey before he appeared before them again. He also assured them, that, during his absence, he done nothing unworthy the name of an Englishman.

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#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THIS theatre has been pre-eminently successful in the representation of Henry IV. to which three scenes were added, displaying the grand ceremony of the Coronation of Henry V. in which the Champion rides in full costume. This told well, and produced overflowing houses. John of Paris has been revived as an afterpiece.

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#### THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THIS theatre has been rebuilt, and opened under the most favorable auspices. The structure is plain, but not inelegant, and is in the Doric order; it is much more spacious and commodious than the former building. It has now two galleries, and an additional tier of boxes. The Provoked Husband, The School for Scandal, The Green Man, and Rule a Wife and have a Wife, with a succession of good afterpieces, are promises of the good taste that rules the management of this theatre. We particularly commend Mrs. H. Johnston's delineation of the wily jilt Estifania; she went through the scenes with the Copper Captain extremely well. In A Roland for an Oliver, we were well pleased with the Maria Darlington of Mrs. Baker, and Mr. William's Sir Mark Carr, Mr. Hammond's Fixture, and Mr. De Camp's Highflyer. Mrs. Chatterly is engaged at this theatre to take the range of the principal characters of genteel comedy. We advise her to study from good models, and do not doubt of her success.







*Fashionable Walking & Full Dress for August 1789.*

*Invented by Miss Corpoint, 12. Edmond Street, Portman Square.*

*Pub. Aug 21. 1791. by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*

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THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR AUGUST, 1821.

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WALKING-COSTUME.

PELISSE-WRAP morning dress of India muslin, richly embroidered down each side of the front, and round the border, neatly closed down the skirt, but leaving a place to shew a fine cambric petticoat. The body of the wrap made with a pelerine cape richly ornamented with two rows of Urling's patent lace, with Elizabeth ruff of the same. Large walking bonnet, of celestial blue sarsnet, lined with white, and elegantly trimmed in a novel and tasteful manner, and a narrow scarf-shawl of silk, to correspond. Murray-colored half-boots of kid; and sea-green parasol, fringed with white.

EVENING DRESS.

A frock of white net, or gauze, over white satin, ornamented à l'antique, with pink satin, in separate festoon ornaments, each fastened in the middle with an *agraffe* in white satin, and bordered on each side with a *rouleau* of pink; the body and short sleeves trimmed to correspond. Coronation plume coronet, of white feathers, over the hair, arranged in ringlets, in the style of *Eleanor de Guienne*. Pearl ear-rings and necklace, white satin shoes, and white kid gloves.

The above elegant dresses were furnished by Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*, No. 12, Edmond-street, Portman-square.

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GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

At this season of the year, fashion in general begins to shew but little variety in the metropolis, and we usually glean our information from those of her fair votaries, who become stationary at the different watering-places. The pa-

geant of the Coronation, however, has detained so many of the superior classes in town, that the hand of Taste is still busily employed in new inventions for the toilet.

For out-door costume, we have been particularly struck with a cream-colored spencer of rich satin, with a novel kind of collar, made either to stand up or fall down, *à la pelerine*. A doric rose ornaments the outside part of each wrist, and terminates the belt behind.

Spencers of various colored sarsnet yet prevail, and scarf shawls over high dresses; these are narrow, like that represented in our engraving.

Ethereal-blue sarsnet bonnets, very slightly turned up all round the front, are very much favor for walking; but the most approved kind of bonnet is of colored silk, with whalebone run in, in the *Beguine* style, and with a very full trimming at the edge, of fringed sarsnet. This ornament is very becoming, as is the floize-silk moss trimming for the edge of straw bonnets, and which is much more in request than either blond, or gauze *cheveux de fris*, &c. The Anne Boleyn bonnet, of fine muslin, seems very general; it never ought to be so, for it must be a very pretty face, indeed, that can look well in a bonnet, such as we believe the charming Anne never put on; for we query whether she ever wore a bonnet at all.

Sarsnet dresses made like plain frocks, and cambrics, or corded long cloth, a new Oriental article, are much worn in half dress. The white dresses are made high, and are finished in wavings of cotton *cordon* down the bust. Broad muslin flounces are the newest kind of trimming round the borders of muslin or cambric dresses.

The Madrass cornette is a favorite head-dress for home costume. The crown is of colored silk, generally figured, which forms a turban, and the ears, or ends, which are brought under the chin, are of fine *tulle*, edged with blond. For evening-dress, wreaths of flowers, and the Coronation-plume coronet, are most in favor. The hair dressed in long ringlets in the Vandyke fashion.

The favorite colors are Isabella, (cream-color), sea-green and ethereal-blue.

## THE PARISIAN TOILET.

EVERY one has a right to admire the various changes of fashion, though it is not every one who has fortune sufficient to adopt all her vagaries. The Parisian lady, however, who is fortunate enough to be wealthy as well as young and lovely, not only encourages every new invention for the toilet, but busies her own mind in giving hints to her *marchande de modes* to bring out, every succeeding week, something more novel, and often more *outré*, than that of the preceding week.

It is to one of these inventive faculties that the Parisians are indebted for the striped straw and striped crape that have lately appeared made up in bonnets; out of ten bonnets, there are least nine of the above kind. They are ornamented with a little rose-colored flower of five round leaves, with a brilliant point in the centre, of bright granite color: this flower is called by botanists, Jacob's-ladder. Little balls are made of this flower, six stalks to each ball, about the size of a snow-ball, and they are thus placed on the bonnet, with a portion of green foliage. Straw hats, however, yet prevail for the promenade, with a green veil in drapery, while yellow roses and wild poppies are the favorite ornaments on such hats.

Riding-habits are of light-colored kerseymere, such as Caroline-color, Nile-water, or pearl-grey. A little round hat is worn with them, in the form of a man's hat; it is of split straw, with a veil. A shirt-collar keeps the kerseymere from rubbing against the chin and lower part of the face. The shirt is fastened together in front with a diamond pin; the collars are either embroidered or edged with lace, and a small half-handkerchief, of *barège-cachemire*, is often tied over to keep the collar close: the bow of the handkerchief is brought close to the throat, and the ends tucked in the habit. The handkerchiefs are generally of a conspicuous color. The gloves are of chamois-leather of a camel's-hair brown, or other light colors.

For the morning-walk, cambric spencers and pelisses are much worn, with a *fichu* of the same with long ends, trimmed with muslin, and fastened in front with a brooch worked in hair.



An elastic belt of hair also encircles the waist; these elastic belts are, however, sometimes only imitations of hair.

A new dress for a young bride is very beautiful; a white satin dress is embroidered round the border with orange-flower blossoms and tuberoses, in bouquets; these bouquets are tied with white satin rosettes, and form a bias on the skirt, beginning at the hem.

On account of the court-mourning, the ladies in the dress-boxes at the theatres are in black-crape dresses, with very short sleeves, trimmed with *tulle*. White gloves, and a white crape hat. When the gown is made with long sleeves, a Leghorn hat is generally worn, ornamented with black-ostrich curled feathers, and striped, or spotted, white gauze ribands. The necklace, the ear-rings, and bracelets, are either in *pastilles de serail*, or hair, ornamented with polished steel.

For full-dress on a robe of rose-color or white satin, are three double rows of honeycomb trimming set on at equal distances: this trimming is of crape or *tulle*.

The waists are now become stationary, of a moderate length, not ridiculously long. Scarf sashes are tied on one side. When the sash is tied behind, it terminates by a triple rosette. Sashes are chiefly of gauze ribands.

The favorite colors are—straw-color, pink, dark-brown, and grass-green.

The hair is very beautifully arranged, in a style completely French. It flies rather too much off the forehead to be becoming to every face; a few careless ringlets fall on the cheeks, from beneath large half bows or folds of hair; the hinder tresses are twisted and brought up the middle of the head behind, forming a helmet *à la Minerve*, between which and the front hair is an elegant tiara of diamonds, or of polished steel.

The fans are beautifully painted on vellum in Chinese figures; their sticks are an imitation of ebony ornamented with gold.

THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



## THE MOSS\*.

\*\*\*\*\*

BY T. B. G.

\*\*\*\*\*

DREADING the Moor's pursuing bands,  
To grief, to toil, to thirst, a prey,  
And plunder'd by a robber's hands,  
On Zaara's wild and burning sands,  
A lonely Briton lay.

Forlorn and weak from previous pain,  
By present thirst tormented there,  
With little thought to rise again,  
Long did he press the burning plain,  
In motionless despair.

Dear Scotia's hills, fair England's plains,  
No more he thought to see,  
"After a life of weary pains,  
Unknown I perish—now remains  
Nor help, nor hope for me."

As thus he yielded to despair,  
Beside his feet he chanc'd to view,  
Alone upon the desert bare,  
A little moss with branches fair,  
Of white and crimson hue.

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\* See Park's first Travels.

A little plant of graceful form,  
With lovely tints so pure and bright,  
So guarded from the sandy storm,  
It seem'd to speak, with blushes warm,  
The feelings of delight.

So finely form'd its branches were,  
Its tints from every soil so free,  
Its white, so delicately fair,  
It seem'd, in answer to despair,  
To whisper, "Look at me."

And he did look, and o'er his soul  
Reflection breath'd a balm to pain;  
"On earth," he thought, "from pole to pole,  
Nay more, in all the worlds that roll,  
Was nothing form'd in vain.

"Save mine, within this desert bare,  
No eye this little moss shall see—  
Surely the hand that placed it there  
Has written in these tints so fair,  
A lesson meant for me."

He felt the little plant's appeal;  
He rose upon his bended knee;  
"My God," he cried, "to thee I kneel,  
My folly and my guilt I feel,  
And turn, and trust to thee."

And he did trust, and not in vain;  
For long before the coming night,  
Brought by a negro's friendly train,  
Came help, that turn'd severest pain  
To undisturb'd delight.

## ADDRESS,

BY HIS GRATEFUL PUPIL, MISS A. M. PORTER,

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN BY MR. FULTON, AT HIS SCHOOL,  
IN GEORGE-STREET, EDINBURGH, WHEN HE PROPOSED RESIGNING  
HIS SITUATION AND RETIRING INTO THE COUNTRY.

THE sailor who with vent'rous prow hath gone  
Thro' shifting gales, to seas and shores unknown,  
Tempted stern danger in the midnight storm,  
And met the spectre, Famine's ghastly form;  
His perils o'er, his task of duty done,  
Hails with fond joy the peace his toils have won,  
Yields to sweet rest his time-worn frame at last,  
And looks with triumph on the arduous *past*!  
Thus he, whose aim, in manhood's ardent hour,  
(Shunning vain Pleasure's call to roseate bow'r)  
Hath studious sought, 'mid academic shade,  
'The cause of learning and of truth to aid;  
With patient zeal, hath labor'd to impart  
Light to the mind, and virtue to the heart;  
Thus he, when life's grey evening closes nigh,  
With longing look views soft tranquillity,  
Hears angel voices whispering in the air,  
Bidding his soul for higher worlds prepare;  
And seeks with pious thought, ere shuts the even,  
To fill his earth-wean'd mind with peace and Heaven.  
Forgive these tears that crowd my failing eyes!  
The task once dear, with grief we sacrifice;  
Sweet *was* the task "to rear the tender thought,"  
To mark the embryo powers with genius fraught,  
To nurse soft feeling into worth sublime,  
And build those spirits up which baffle time;  
To rouse, with skilful breath, that dormant fire,  
Which makes the soul to Heaven itself aspire;  
The patriot's glow, which caught from realms above,  
Still shines and warms with never-vanquish'd love,  
The Christian's wider reach and loftier aim,  
Which folds all nations in its hallowed flame,  
Instructs the mind to search, the heart to bear,  
And wings the soul to God in praise and prayer.  
How many names do memory's records crowd,  
Which Glory's voice afar hath sounded loud!



How many names which guilt and pale distress  
With rescued joy and grateful tears shall bless !  
These, Science boasts, and Fancy's magic hand  
Leads through enchanted wilds yon chosen band !  
Dear, cherish'd pupils ! children of my soul !  
O let these starting tears unbidden roll !  
Still as my trembling tongue would say *farewell* !  
Strong tides of pain and pleasure struggling swell.  
I love you still ; still mark with anxious eyes  
Your varied talents, tempers, destinies !  
O then, when 'mid the world you fearless rush,  
Think each foul deed must cost your teacher's blush ;  
Each power neglected, each acquirement spurn'd,  
Must stain his name from whom your childhood learn'd.  
Let thoughts like these, with holier motives mix,  
Incite to knowledge and to virtue fix ;  
Then while in soft repose my age shall rest,  
'Mid scenes by Nature's hand divinely dress'd,  
Where in the healthful air wave bowery trees,  
And flowers and fragrance fill the morning breeze ;  
Still shall no breeze, so fraught with sweetness prove,  
As that which wafts the fame of those I love ;  
Still shall my heart, exulting, joy to trace  
Their earliest efforts in improvement's race,  
Recall each long-woo'd lore, each conquer'd fault,  
And smile to see the bright perfection wrought !  
Adieu then, objects of my watchful care !  
Ye ardent youths, ye mild and modest fair\* !  
Where'er ye go, by various fortunes driven,  
O be your hearts and minds the care of Heaven !  
And you, ye parents of the youthful throng !  
May health and peace your valued lives prolong !  
May talents, opening with each opening year,  
Virtues sublimed, and social duties dear,  
All that to usefulness and honor tend,  
Still in your children's lives harmonious blend !  
And while with sacred joy your breasts o'erflow,  
May one kind thought commingle with the glow,  
One blest emotion to *my* labors due !  
Then sweet to me will be their long review,  
Life's *evening-calm* will glide entranc'd away,  
In fond reflection on life's *useful day* !

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\* At this celebrated day-school, the youth of both sexes were instructed.

## STANZAS,

ON MY SON'S ATTAINING THE IMMENSE AGE OF A FORTNIGHT!

A fortnight old! why what a man!  
Think of an age of *fourteen* days!  
A prototype of life's vain span,  
A feeble emblem of its ways!

*You* kick your nurse when not well pleas'd;  
*Man* kicks and flounces—will not bend—  
Both are by sudden passion seiz'd;  
But both are conquer'd in the end.

Thine is an easy conquest, boy,  
Mamma's soft bosom for thy bed;  
But man, by passion's wild employ,  
To crime and misery oft is led.

Sweet child! I see thee now at rest;  
Thy gentle breath like Zephyr's sigh,  
Calm as the lake's unruffled breast,  
When no light breeze is sweeping by.

And—as fond father ever will—  
I wish thee, boy, through all thy life,  
A peace like this—a rest as still—  
To guard thee from the world's sad strife.

And when thy father's soul has fled  
To Heav'n—so holy hope would say,  
When all his cares on earth are dead,  
All lost in glory's endless day,

Should e'er these lines attract thine eye,  
Let them awake thy bosom's care;  
Let them, like voice of Time gone by,  
Bid thee of passion's toils beware!

Whate'er thy fate, dear boy, 'tis mine  
To wish thee well, to guard thy form!  
May Faith's bright sun upon thee shine  
Religion soothe life's ev'ry storm!

May honor ever be thy guide,  
 May charity thy bosom warm;  
 For these, my boy, may be thy pride,  
 When life has lost its early charm!

May 12th, 1821.

J. M. LACEY.

### TO MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

BORN far awa frae haunt o' men,  
 The warld is like a dream to me,  
 Yet well I luv my lanely glen,  
 Bedeck'd wi' heath and birken tree.

An' well I luv, whan gloaming comes,  
 To watch the blue smoke saftly fa',  
 Like spirits on the distant hills,  
 That rise aroun' my father's ha'.

But never did sae sweet an hour  
 Pass o'er me, as when first there came  
 The visions by your pen pourtray'd,  
 To charm me in my woodland hame.

I wander'd by the loch that spreads  
 Its waters under rock and tree,  
 An' dreamt a bright an' blythesome dream  
 Of sweet communion wi' thee.

Oh! monie a tear you've gar'd\* me shed,  
 When seated in my birken how'er,  
 An' aften o'er your welcome page,  
 I've charm'd awa' the wintry hour.

I've said, upon my rocky hame,  
 Nae beam o' splendour ever smil'd,  
 Yet look nae wi' a scornfu' ee,  
 Upon my lay untaught an' wild.

For Scottish souls are true an' leal\*,  
 Altho' nae courtly guise they ken,  
 An' few mair warmly wish you weal  
 Than I do i' my lanely glen.

GENEVIEVE.

\* Made.

Loyal.

## BLACK EYES.

OH! there's a deep, mysterious beaming,  
That plays around the dark jet eye;  
And from its depths a spirit streaming,  
That tells of woman's witchery.

And then their darts, through those long lashes,  
A glance of fire unceasingly;  
Soft as the last expiring flashes  
Of lightning in a Summer's sky.

But still in that eye there's more of pride,  
Than is allied to gentle love;  
And woe to the luckless heart betide,  
That chance its angry gleam to prove.

For it will come like consuming fire,  
To sear the heart it once had blest;  
And the wildest strain of minstrel's lyre,  
Has never half that woe exprest.

But he, who hath felt its soothing pow'r  
In tender moments o'er him steal,  
Can never again forget that hour,  
Nor yet its trembling bliss reveal.

In love and hate, in woe and gladness,  
There is a spell we must obey,  
And ev'n in fever'd dreams of sadness,  
We cannot quite escape its sway.

May 1st, 1821.

A. L. B. A.

Charlotte-street, Portland Place.

## CHARADE.

My adjective *first*, shews the state of the ground,  
Unproductive; as sometimes my *second* is found,  
Till restored by my first, it is afterwards seen,  
To refresh the glad eye with a beautiful green.  
Through my *whole*, sportsmen carry the fox-hunting farce on,  
I'm an emblem and name for a dandified parson.

Islington, April 17th, 1821.

N



## SIMPLE TRUTH.

"I'll dwell on *nothing*," said the auctioneer.

"Upon my *word*!" replied a smiling peer.

## Marriages.

Lieut. Col. Reeve, Grenadier Guards, to Lady Susan Sherard, sister to the Earl of Harborough. Godfrey Thornton, Esq. to Miss Susanna Dixon, of Cecil Lodge, Herts. Capt. Hyde Parker, M. N. to Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir Frederick Eden. Wm. Augustus Orlebar, Esq. to Miss Mary Caroline Lingust. T. F. Johnston, Esq. of Spalding, to Miss Millicent Ann Moore. The Rev. H. S. Hopwood, of Bath, to Miss Maria Hall, of Northampton. At Hackney, the Rev. Baden Powell, M. A. to Miss Eliza Rivaz. Wm. Samuel Best, Esq. to Miss Jane Theytes. J. Dickson, of the 67th Regiment, to Miss Fanny Carolina Bacon. Osgood Gie, Esq. to Mary, daughter of Sir Wm. B. Hughes. Arthur Shakspear, R. N. to Miss Louisa Sage. The Rev. W. Geory to Miss Sikes, of Newark.

## Deaths.

Sir Watkin Lewes, Knt. 85. The Rev. Wm. Smith, Camberwell, 79. Rev. Sir Charles Wheeler. At Melbourne, Robert Stanley, Esq. 82. At Yarmouth, John S. Close, 34. The Rev. Henry Byron. Mrs. Nicholson, of Cornhill. Mrs. Winter, 73, Foley Place. Mrs. Erskine, widow of the late John Erskine, Esq. John Newby, 77. Rev. Benjamin Forfitt Dornford, M. A. Mrs. Cruikshank, Bath. Walter Hebdon, Esq. of Stockwell. Wm. Layton, Esq. Mrs. Ann Cooper, Lincoln. Mr. Thomas Driver, Cambridge.

## NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Communications of Mrs. G.—of R. B.—of N.—of E. C. T.—The Assassin,—Thoughts on St. Helena,—The Maniac,—Lines on the Death of Napoleon,—The lost Falcon,—Lines, by N. J.—To a Lily,—\* G—, are received.

J. P.'s request shall be attended to.

L. T. is under consideration.

As we are convinced G. is in jest, we cannot suppose a reply necessary.

We return our thanks to M. for his suggestion.

We are sorry to be under the necessity of again repeating that all communications must be post paid. It has long been an established rule to request this of our correspondents, and we cannot depart from it.





*Painted by Miss R. E. Drummond.*

*Engraved by T. Woolneth.*

*Miss Dance.*

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